



The Origin of Royster Fertilizers.

Mr. Royster believed that success awaited the Manufacturer of Fertilizers who would place quality above other considerations. This was Mr. Royster's idea Twenty-seven years ago and this is his idea to-day; the result has been that it requires Eight Factories to supply the demand for Royster Fertilizers.

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COAXING SLEEP.

Simply a Question of Will Power and Self-Suggestion.

Ordinarily we do not sleep by accident or haphazard. We simply resolve to sleep, and self-suggestion plays a great part in the production of sleep. We go through a variety of actions, all suggestive of a change from our normal waking condition. We undress, we place ourselves in a comfortable position; we close our eyes; we believe and expect we are going to sleep, and the result is—sleep.

One of the great preventives of sleep is the fear of not sleeping, but a writer in Harper's Bazar says that once this fear is broken down we sleep anyhow. The insomnia worries about his insomnia, and this very worry deepens the mischief; hence the sufferer should suggest to himself again and again, "If I sleep, well; if I don't sleep, I will at least gain rest by keeping my mind calm and my body relaxed."

In a word, our chances of getting sleep increase if we assume the external physical attitude which corresponds to sleep. If we relax every muscle and let it stay relaxed, if we breathe lightly and regularly, if we call up the imagination of a sleeping person and talk and think sleep to ourselves, repeating silently and in a quiet, dreamy fashion such a formula as this:

"There is no reason why I should not sleep. Therefore I can sleep. Therefore I will sleep. My mind is at peace. Sleep is coming. I am getting sleepy. I am about to sleep. I am asleep."

HIS QUEST FOR A WIFE.

John Newcomb Was a Close Observer and Was Hard to Suit.

The sister of Simon Newcomb, the great astronomer, tells in McClure's of their father's John Newcomb's wanderings in search of a wife, whom he had decided to select in accordance with scientific theories.

"John Newcomb stopped at farm-houses for his refreshment, and in each house, if there was a daughter of marriageable age, he tarried perhaps a day or even longer to make a study of the maiden. He always made himself 'handy' about the place, drawing up water with the great well sweep, bringing in firewood—doing anything that he could do and still keep near the daughter.

"Disappointment met him at every door. At one house the cooking was poor, at another the house was not neatly kept, at a third there was scolding or faultfinding, a want of harmony—and in all the maidens a lack of desire for learning or education. One young woman little knew by what a narrow margin she missed her fate. All was going smoothly till, when she was molding the dough for the baking pan, he noticed that a considerable portion of the dough was left in the wooden kneading trough. He asked her the reason for this, and her reply was that she left it for the horse because he was fond of it. She always did this, she said; there was plenty. 'Want of thrift,' decided the young man, and he shouldered his bundle and walked on."

Told Who He Was.

Dr. Beadon, a former rector in Eltham, Kent, England, one Sunday preached from the text "Who art thou?" After reading it he made a pause for the congregation to reflect upon the words, when a man in military dress who at that instant was marching very sedately up the middle aisle of the church, stopping at the question addressed to him, replied, "I am, sir, an officer of the Sixteenth regiment of foot on a recruiting party here, and, having brought my wife and family with me, I am come to church because I wished to be acquainted with the neighboring clergy and gentry." This so deranged the divine and astonished the congregation that the sermon was concluded with considerable difficulty.

Ringed For Gopher.

Among the queer church customs in England is the one observed at Newark parish church, called "ringing for gopher." This custom, which has lasted for over 300 years, arose through a wealthy merchant named Gopher losing himself one October night in the forest that then surrounded Newark. He carried much money, and the forest was infested with thieves. Suddenly he heard the sound of Newark bells and was guided safely home by their music. To commemorate his escape Gopher left a gopher sum for Newark bell ringers on condition that they "rang for Gopher" every year on Sunday nights in October and November.

Patti at Fifty-two.

Adelina Patti wrote in a letter to Mr. Klein in 1895: "Do you not feel proud of your little friend, who was fifty-two last month and has been singing uninterrupted every year from the age of seven? I am really beginning to believe what they all tell me—that I am a wonderful little woman!"—Musical

BUSINESS LETTERS.

Write to a Man Just as You Would Talk to Him at Your Desk.

Business letter writing is no longer merely "correspondence," but "literature," and the correspondent who formerly wasted his precious breath on such matters as "I have received and enclose duly noted" is now relegated to the "old school" class, and unless he is willing to adopt the new rules of letter writing, he is likely to change not only his position, but also a necessary to change his vocation as well.

The up-to-date business man does not waste time indulging in the preliminaries of "I beg to acknowledge receipt" or "In reply would say," but goes straight to the subject at issue firmly, without flills, even eliminating the time worn advice, "Awaiting your early reply," and closing without the absurdity of "Believing to remain."

"Write to a man exactly as you would talk to him if he were sitting at your desk," is the maxim of one of the best authorities on letter writing in Chicago. By eliminating useless phrases having no bearing on the subject the business man not only saves his own time in dictating, but that of his stenographer in transcribing the notes. By the old method of letter writing the opening and closing letters contained almost five lines of useless "form" matter which would average on 100 letters just 500 lines of superfluous effort.—Chicago Tribune.

THE CRESCENT.

Legend of Its Adoption as an Emblem by the Turks.

The crescent has been known since time out of memory. In ancient mythology it decorated the foreheads of Diana and of Astarte, the Syrian Venus. In the days of Rome's greatest glory the ladies wore it as an ornament in their hair.

Since the foundation of Constantinople, the ancient Byzantium, it has been the emblem of the city and its kings, besides being stamped on its coins and postage. The legend which accounts for its universal adoption in Turkey, and Constantinople in particular, is as follows:

Philip of Macedon laid siege to the city in the year 340 B. C. He chose a night of unusual darkness for the proposed assault, but was foiled by the moon suddenly breaking from behind a cloud. In commemoration of this providential deliverance the crescent was adopted as the symbol of the city. The Mohammedan sultans were slow to assume this emblem until some one mentioned that it was the symbol of increasing greatness, power changing as rapidly as the phases of the moon.—Westminster Gazette.

Federal Homestead Laws.

The federal homestead laws begin with the act of 1862, now a part of the United States revised statutes. Their policy is to give portions of the public lands to those who will settle, cultivate and make permanent homes upon them. Any person who is the head of a family or who is twenty-one years of age and is a citizen of the United States or who has filed his declaration of intention to become such may acquire a tract of unappropriated public land, not exceeding 160 acres, on condition of settlement, cultivation and continuous occupancy as a home by him for the period of five years and the payment of certain moderate fees. It is expressly declared that no man married under this statute shall in any event become liable to any debt contracted prior to the issuing of the patent therefor by the government to the settler.—New York American.

Cheap Family History.

Even in political defeat there are compensations. A Washington heights man who aspired to office tells of one that he discovered.

"Must have cost you a pile of money to run, didn't it?" a friend asked.

"About \$1,000, but still I came out \$400 ahead."

"How?" said the friend.

"On genealogical research. My wife had a society here in her home and had about agreed to pay a man \$2,000 to look up my family history, but when I became a candidate my opponents did that for me and saved us the money."—New York Times.

Eight Lions.

There are eight lions known to the world over—the lion of St. Mark's in Venice, the four lions at the base of the Nelson monument in Trafalgar square, the lion of Waterloo, the lion of Lucerne and the lion of Chocoma. Russia in its "Stones of Venice" said that the lion of St. Mark's was the one lion the force expression of which no artist had ever been able to reproduce. The least of bronze has the distinction also of wearing a pair of wings.—London Graphic.

Why He Left.

Long—Why did you leave the place where you formerly boarded?

Short—Because the landlady had too much curiosity.

Long—In what direction?

Short—Oh, she was continuously asking me when I was going to pay my board bill.—Chicago News.

The Next Question.

"Don't be invited to a swell party," said the mother.

"How much will the gown cost?" asked the father, who knew what was coming.—Detroit Free Press.

Not a Freshman.

Caller—I didn't know your son was at college. Is this his freshman year?

Mrs. Bundles—Oh, no, indeed! He's a sophomore.—Boston Transcript.

A Defeated Conscience.

The secretary of the Kansas State Historical society tells a story about an early day Kansas justice of the peace who will be nameless here:

"This J. P." said the secretary, "would marry a couple one day as justice of the peace and divorce them the next as notary public."

One time as the story ran, a man surrendered himself to this J. P.

"An' plowin' the matter?" asked the judge.

"I killed a man out here on the prairie in a fight," was the reply. "I want to give myself up."

"You did kill him, son?" asked the J. P.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Who saw you?" asked the J. P.

"Nobody."

"No, sir, just we two were there."

"An' you're shure nobody saw you?" reiterated the J. P.

"Of course I'm shure," was the reply.

"Then you're discharged," said the J. P., bringing his fist down on the table. "You're discharged. You can't criminate yourself. Fifty dollars, please!"—Kansas City Journal.

THEY EAT NO BREAD.

Places Where the Poorer People Have to Use Substitutes.

There are regions wherein the poorer classes or peasantry eat little or no bread. Baked leaves of bread are practically unknown in many parts of southern Austria and Italy and throughout the agricultural districts of Roumania.

It is said that in the village of the Osterleimark, not far from Vienna, bread is never seen, the staple food being stert, a kind of porridge made from ground beech nuts, taken at breakfast with fresh or curdled milk, at dinner with broth or fried lard and with milk again for supper. This dish is also known as heden and takes the place of bread not only in the Austrian district named, but in Carinthia and in many parts of the Tyrol.

In northern Italy the peasants affect a substitute for bread called polenta, a porridge made of boiled grain. Polenta is not, however, allowed to "granulate," like Scotch porridge or like the Austrian stert, but is boiled into a solid pudding, which is cut up and portioned out with a string. It is eaten cold as often as it is hot and is in every sense the Italian's daily bread.

A variation of polenta called mamaliga is said to be the favorite food of the poorer classes in Roumania. Mamaliga is like polenta in that it is made of boiled grain, but it is unlike the latter in one important respect—the grains are not allowed to settle into a solid mass, but are kept distinct, after the fashion of oatmeal porridge.—New York Herald.

COMPRESSED ICE.

Sinks in Water and Crumbles Into Powder When Warmed.

All know that ordinary ice will float. This relative lightness of ice with respect to water is due to expansion of the water at the moment of freezing. If water is frozen under immense pressure it seems that this expansion is prevented and ice heavier than water is produced.

G. Tamman has prepared this modification, which he calls ice III, as follows: He compressed water to 3,000 kilograms (6,614 pounds) and cooled it in solid carbon dioxide snow and finally in liquid air. Under these conditions a colorless, transparent ice is formed. It is much denser than ordinary ice and heavier than water; consequently it sinks when placed in water. Ice III is very unstable, and on slight warming it swells out and breaks up into a dense white powder. The volume of the resulting powder is apparently four to eight times that of the original ice. This powder formed by the breaking up of the dense form is nothing more than ordinary ice in the form of fine crystals, which, of course, on further warming melt at zero degrees centigrade.

Experiments on ice III show that it is impossible to obtain it by separation from water at atmospheric pressure and then suddenly cooling. There would never be a possibility of this unstable form of solid water being formed in nature.—New York Tribune.

A Prosaic Interpretation.

Professor Brander Matthews of Columbia in one of his brilliant addresses on the drama said of an unimaginative and prosaic dramatist:

"He it was, I am sure, who in his youth on being asked in examination what Shakespeare meant by the phrase 'sermons in stones' wrote in reply: 'When passing by a tombstone you may learn the name and the dates of birth and death of the departed one and also from the inscription a valuable moral lesson from his or her life. Walking along a road you may see from the milestones the number of miles to the nearest towns and thus acquire geographical information. Heaps of stones by the roadside indicate that repairs are to take place and so indicate a lesson in neatness.'—Detroit Free Press.

An Author's Insight.

There is no surer mark of genius than the intuitive insight into character and social conditions of which the author has no personal experience. "What does Ben know of dukes?" asked homely old Isaac Disraeli when he heard the title of his son's latest novel. Trollope wrote faintly of bishops and deans when he had never been in a cathedral close in his life. Young Disraeli wrote so well about the great ones of the earth whom he had never seen that the critics busied themselves in finding "keys" to "Vivian Grey" and "The Young Duke."—London Saturday Review.

A Touch of Family Life.

When the country youth proposed to the city girl he received the conventional assurance that she would be his sister. It happened that this youth had sisters at home and knew exactly the sisterly right to call out to father that brother was teasing her. Father responded in good, muscular earnest. Then the new brother and sister relation was dissolved by mutual consent.

Only That.

"I don't know whether I ought to recognize him here in the city or not. Our acquaintance at the seashore was very slight."

"You promised to marry him, didn't you?"

"Yes, but that was all."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving the purpose he sets to be done.—George Eliot.

He Won the Trick.

"Oh, George, dear," she whispered when he slipped the engagement ring on her tapering finger, "how sweet of you to remember just the sort of stone I preferred! None of the others was ever so thoughtful."

George was staggered but for a moment. Then he came back with: "Not at all, dear. You overrate me. This is the one I've always used."

She was immensely enough to cry about it.

Locality.

"Where were you born?" asked the judge of election.

"Have I got to answer that question?" inquired the man who wished to vote.

"Yes; that's the law."

"Well, sir, I was born in the steerage, if you've got to know."—Chicago Tribune.

Retort Photographic.

The photographer was drying his plates in the warm sunlight.

"What are you doing there?" asked a friend.

"Oh," was the reply, "just airing my views."

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